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### Choice Loetry.

TUBAL CAIN. BY CHARLES MARCAY.

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might.

In the days when Earth was young:
By the Herce red light of his furnace bright.
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand,
On the irror glowing clear.
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlef rout,
As he fashlomed the sword and spear;
And he sang: "Hurra! for my handlwork;
Hurra! for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be King and Lord!"

To Tubal Cain came many a one.
As he wrought by his waning fire To Tubal Cain came many a one.
As he wrought by his waning fire;
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade,
As the crown of his own desire;
And he made them wespons sharp and strong,
Till they shoused loud for glee;
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forests free;
And they sang: "Rurra! for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given ne strength anew;
Hurra for the emith, hurra for the fire,
And hurra for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his head,
Ere the setting of the sun.
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain,
For the evil he had done;
He saw that men with rage and hate
Made war upon their kind.
And the land was red with the blood they shed,
In their lint for carrage blind;
And he said: "Ains! that I ever made,
Or that skill of mine abould plan.
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow men!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat breeding o'er his wee;
And his hand for-bore to smite the ore,
And his fornece smouldered low;
But he rose at last, with a cheerful face,
And a bright, coutageous eye;
And he bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high;
And he sang: "Harra! for my handiwork,
While the red sparks filled the sir;
Not alone for the hinde was the bright steel made,"
And he fashioned the first plow-share.

And men, taught wisdom from the first,
In friendship joined their hands—
Hung the sword in the ball, the spear on the wall,
And plowed the willing lands,
And sang: "Hurrs for Tubal Cain,
Our staunch, good friend in he;
And for the plow share and the plow,
To him our praise shall be;
But while appression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
The we may thank him for the plow.

# Select Storp.

### A NIGHT OF HORRORS.

Travelling the road from Carrollton to Gold-en, some years ago, I found myself overtaken by night, in a lonely part of the roate, with a bowling storm coming up from the west that rendered the way darker and gloomier at every

The horse I bestrode was a powerful animal, The horse I bestrode was a powerful animal, but had been rudden hard during the day, and was exhibiting signs of great farigue.

I was not in the best of humor. I had agreed to meet the Chief of Service at Golden, on the following morning, at a very early hour, and knew I could not get there. Add to this that I was supportess and worn down with the day's ride, and it may be imagined that I was in no very amplie meet.

The storm was approaching nearer every mo-The storm was approaching nearer every mo-ment, and I was just despairing of shelter, when the horse shed suddealy to one side of the road, and fed back on his bannehes with a violence that nearly unseated me; and in a mo-ment my eyes were dazzled with a brilliant light that seemed to have been instantaneously dashed out of the darkness.

fight that seemed to have been instantaneously flashed out of the darkness.

"Bad road here?" said a gruff voice; and then I observed a man standing in the middle of the road, holding a lantern, in the back of which was a strong reflector. "Heard your horse, and

was a strong reflector. "Heard your norse, and came out to see who it was. The storm will be on us directly, and you'd better be under cover."
"Is there a house near!" I asked, when I had recovered from my astonishment.
"Yes; just around this cinmp of trees, in the fork in the road. You can put up there, if you like. Follow me!"

I had been startled and amazed by the inci-

I had been startled and amazed by the inci-dent, but was exceedingly grateful to find shol-ter, and probably sustenance, so near, and was glad to obey the man's directions.

We had hardly been housed when the storra burst with great violence, and although the place was far from inviting, it was very accept-

The man who had met me in the road, and The man who had met me in the roat, and who proved to be the landlord, was a coarse, burly fellow, upward of fifty years of age, with long, gray hair, matted together, and looking as if it had been permitted to grow from child-hood without attention. He was powerfully

hood without attention. He was powerfully built; his countenance was cadavercus and forbiding, and his eyes had a peculiarly ferocione gleam about them that did not reassure me.

A young man, whom he called his son, was but a trifle more prepossessing; and an old crone who sat by the corner of the huge fire-place, rocking to and fro, smoking a pipe, and rubbing her hands nervously together, appeard uglier than all.

ed uglier than all.

A supper, consisting mainly of an Irish stew strongly impregnated with garlic, was laid on the table, but I partook of it sparingly, and as soon as the meal was over, asked to be shown

to bed.

There was a good deal of bustling about, at this request. The old crone made several trips over the ricketty stairs leading to a room overhead, and was compelled to call both father and son to her aid; but the preparations were funding completed, and the elder of the two men volunteered to show me to the room.

"There is no lock on this door," he said—"we never lock doors here—but there is a good bolt, and you can use it if you are in the way of locking yourself up nights, as most city folks are. A good night's rest to you;" and then, pausing a second, and casting his eyes toward the ceiling, he added: "A long sleep and pleasant dreams."

Then he placed the candle on the table, and left.

I did not like the way in which he had said
"a long sleep," but did not feel superstitions
about it. When he had gove, I closed the door,
and observed that there was a good bolt on it,
as he had said. This I shot into its socket, and
giving the door a firm pull, to make sure it was
fast, was surprised to see the socket yield a little, and then, as my hold on the door knob relayed, drawn into place again.

laxed, drawn into place again.

Close examination showed it to be held by a small spiral spring, and it was apparent that when the spirng was drawn out to its full ten-sion, it would readily snap, and render the en-

sion, it would readily snap, and render the entrance to the room an easy matter.

This incident startled me still more than the one that had occurred on the road, and I fell to thinking of the people whose guest I was, with an intensity bordering on nervousness.

There was but one window in the room, and I observed that access could not be had to that from without, except by the aid of a ladder.

Being fully convinced that I was among bad people, I resolved to draw the bedstead up against the door, and if I slept at all, to do so with one eye open.

But here another surprise awaited me. The

But here another surprise awaited me. The bedstead was immovable. It was rather a heavy structure, certainly, being of the old-fashioned onken kind; but it must weigh a ton, I thought, for I could not, dader the nervous excitement that pervaded me, raise one end of it, and yet all the strength I could exert available of nothing.

Further examination showed that the legs of

the bedstead were secured to the floor by small iron knees screwed in solid.

It was evidently time for serious reflection. Why was this morable socket and this immovable bedstead constructed? The first was to admit of easy ingress to the room, and the second to hold the bedstead in a certain place for a certain, and, I was now convinced, terrible

purpose.

Removing my boots, I carefully traversed the room, pressing against the sides of the wall in all directions, for some secret or sliding panel.

Failing to find anything of this character, i examined the bedstead still more closely, removing the coverings, and even the matresses; but aside from the fact of its being riveted to the floor, there was nothing peculiar about it. Then my eye wandered to the ceiling overbesid, and in the dim candle-light, I thought I discovered two faint lines or cracks in the wall. Fixing a chair in the centre of the bed, enabled me to reach the ceiling, and I could then see what had appeared from the floor to be small fissues in the wall, were straight lines running parallel to each other, about two feet apart, and covering the entire width of the bed-atesd, with transverse lines at each terminus. Bringing the candle still nearer, disclosed the fact that these lines were formed by sharp iron edges, forming an oblong box setting flash with the wall, and covered with white paper, in imitation of the ceiling.

edges, forming an oblong box setting finsh with the wall, and covered with white paper, in imitation of the ceiling.

Puncturing the paper showed the affair to be some murderous machine, that could be dislodged from above, and come down on the bed with sufficient force to smother the occupant, and pin him down until death ensued; the width of the missile making its action sure, no matter upon which side of the bed the sleeper might be resting.

"A long sleep and pleasant dreams to you." In the light of my discoveries, the words were ominous, indeed. It was plain that I was in a den of the most terrible character, and that, if repose was sought on that bed, the sleep would in truth be a long one.

"Another struggle for life," I said to myself, for I well knew that after the machine had fallen, the assassing would enter the door with the yielding socket, and finding the trick had failed, would see the necessity of making short work of the man who had discovered it.

My plan was quickly formed. First extinguishing the light, I divested myself of all superfluous clothing, and arranged the bed to show as nearly as possible that it contained an occupant; and then retired to a corner of the room best suited to concealment, to await developments.

The storm had not yet cutirely subsided, and

velopments.

The storm had not yet entirely subsided, and under the circumstances, the occasional flashes of lightning lig up the room with a glare that made it look weird, spectral and unearthly.

My revolvers were in capital working order. They had been my friends in many a deadly encounter, and I trusted to them and a genuine "bowie" to pull me through.

The hours wore many slowly. As near as I could judge, it must have been about 2 o'clock in the morning, when completely worn out with the fatigue of the day and the excitement of the night, nature succumbed, and I fell into a

the night, nature succumbed, and I fell into

Slight doze.

From this I was suddenly brought to full consciousness by a rushing sound that sent a thrill of horror through me. Then there was a dull, heavy thad on the bed, and the clanking of a thrist indicating that the machine had fallen heavy thind on the bed, and the clanking of a chain, indicating that the machine had fallen. The silent suspense in which I was kept dur-ing the next ten minutes made them seem like so many hours; but it could not have actually been more than ten minutes before the glimmer of a light through the chinks of the door con-vinced me that the assassins were coming to add robbery to the crime of their supposed marder.

add robbery to the crime of their suppose marder.

The spiral wire in the bolt socket snapped with a sharp click as they pressed against the door, and in a moment afterward the old man entered the room stealthity, with a largy konfo-upraised, and behind him came the son, carry-ing an iron sledge, and holding a candle aloft, and both father and son gazing intently upon the heat.

The survey seemed satisfactory, for the work The survey seemed satisfactory, for the work appeared only too well done.

The old man chuckled horribly, and dropping his knife, bade the younger to put down the caudle and sledge, and aid him to raise the box.

The position I had assumed before their entrance, had served to place me behind the door as they came in, and just as the young man dropped his sledge. I stood creet, and brought both pistols to bear upon the villains, and attered a steuterian yell.

A throperbolt out of a clear sky at noonday could not have terrified and unnerved them

completely stupefied. The younger partially turned and made a feeble attempt to clutch the sledge, but the gleaming steal of the pistol-barrels held him fast, and in a moment afterward he sank upon his knees and began to beg

Hearing the tumult, and not fully understand

for his life.

Hearing the tumult, and not fully understanding its nature, the old crone came up stairs, and peered cautiously into the room.

Turning one of my revolvers on her, and keeping the two men well covered with the other, I ordered her to come in, but she was so astonished at the scene that it was at least two full minutes before she could obey.

I then directed the two men to stand up side by side, and compelled the old woman, on pain of death, to cut the rope attached to the chain of the murderous box, and bind the wrists of the men securely together.

When this had been done, I seated myself in a chair, determined that as soon as day broke, I would compel the entire party to walk to Golden; but before the sun had riseu, I heard the sound of horses galloping along the road, which sent a thrill of herror through me, and as the horses halted, I was again seized with a nervous frembing.

Perhaps the men before me were only part of a gang of maranders, who had been out on murderous errands, and were just returning. If so, my life must certainly be sacrificed. There was a tramping of heavy boots below, and then a cloar, ringing voice shouted: "What, ho, there! Is there any one in this house!"

It was the voice of Joe Tracer, the bravest man in the service.

"Yes, yes."! I shouted. "Come up here!" and

man in the service.
"Yes, yes!" I shouted. "Come up here!" and
as the brave fellow entered the room I had barely strength enough left to ejaculate the words,
"Prisoners! murder!" and sank unconscious

"Prisoners: muster of the post of the post of the floor. When consciousness was next restored to me, I was in a room in the hotel at Golden, with the Chief of Service bending over me, and hold-

ing my hand.
"Do you know me ?" he said eagerly.
"Yes." I replied; "you are the chief. Where am I?"

"Heaven be praised," he replied, "you are right at last! Keep quiet, and say not another word." word."
It appeared that the chief, having missed me at Golden, had ordered Tracer and two others of the squad, out at early dawn to hunt me up, and hence their timely arrival at the scene of

and hence their timely arrival at the scale of the property of the presence.

It was not until I had fully recovered, that anything could be known as to the crime the prisoners were guilty of; and the number of those who had doubtless fallen victims to their machinations could never be arrived at.

My evidence could only convict them of an attempt to marder; but in the search for someattempt to marder; authorities demolished the old thing, the town authorities demolished the old rookery in which they had lived, and sufficient was then found to insure their conviction, and they were sentenced to imprisonment for

INGERSOLL BEATS MOSES.—The firemen of Passaic City, N. J., glary in a debating club which meets occasionally to discuss various topics. For some time past the standing subject has been religion. The debate had narrowed down to two gentlemen, one of whom is a strong Infidel and the other a devont Christian. Both glory in the possession of chickens, and place great value on their big roosters, named respectively Inguisoll and Moses. As intelligence could not decide the question of the seperiority of belief or unbelief, it was finally agreed to refer it to the spurs of the roosters. A match was arranged, and took place on a corner lot. Ingersoll at once drove Moses off the premises, and when his antagonist was returned, defeated him so wofully, that the Christian conceded that infidelity was certainly superior, as far as Passaic chickens were concerned.—N. F. Herald. INGERSOLL BEATS MOSES.—The firemen

MRS. ETHEL LYNN BEERS, the author of the recent volume, "All Quiet Along the Potomac, and Other Porms," died at Orange, New Jersey, Dec. 11th. Her volume reached her from the publishers only a few hours before her death, and lay on her coffin at her funeral, bound in

# Miscellany.

THE BLUE BELL OF SCOTLAND.

The rose, Summer's ewblem, 'tis England's chosen tree, And France decks her shield with the stately feur-de lis, But brighter, fairer far than these, there blooms a fower for me;

Tis the blue-hell, the blue-hell on Scotland's sunny lea,
Where from the dark, upaprings the lark, the rising sun to see.

My land, 'native land! where afar my steps have been.
Blue skies charm the eyes, and the earth is ever green;
Yet dwelt my heart 'mid Scotland's glen, when aye in
thought was seen.
The blue-bell, the blue-bell amid the brakens green.
And, brighter far than sun or star, the eyes of bonnie
Jean.

The thistle, Scotland's badge, up from freedom's soil it Its enemies are found it bedged tound with resemany and rue; emblem that her daughters were modest, lead and From off the rocks, smid their locks they twined the bell of bine-The heathbell, the harebell, old Scotland's bell of blue.

## MASONRY INVESTIGATED. Col. Thomas Picton Brenking All the Em-blematic Tools-Laughing at the Myths-His Version of the Origin of the Mystic Craftemen.

Col. Thomas Picton was appointed, in 1863, Secretary-General of the Celestial Empire of the Masonic Order of Memphis for America. Putting aside his half-completed weekly letter to the San Francisco Chronicle yesterday, he said that the day for secrecy in Masonry in America is past. In a land in which there was an established religion, secrecy was necessary, but in America it is a detriment to the Order. "The few who can be called Masons," the Colonel continued, "are the followers of the Philosophic Rite-manong them the Duke of Sasser; Gedfrey Higgins, author of 'Anaclypsis'; O'Brien, author of The Towers of Ireland'; and our iconoclastic Brother Steinbrenner. Indeed, I fancy that Masonry does not exist in America—that is to say, as it should exist—for here it is a benevolent society, not a philosophic institution. Instead of stimulating inquiry, Americans who style themselves Masons throw a veil over the truth. They begin with myths and legends, and add to them with every successive degree, and the higher they go the more lies they tell."

degree, and the higher they go the more lies they tell."

It was evident that the Colonel and Mr. Steinbrenner take a like view of what the latter terms the regalia orders in Masonry, and when the question was put to him direct he replied, "That is precisely the fact. Masonry, properly speaking," the Colonel went on to say, "is an effort to bring all mankind to a common religion, and the researches of Masonry are intended to harmonize the mysteries of Christianity, Paganism, and Judaism; for the most scholarly Masons hold that there is only one religion, and that that religion is the worship of the Deity under the symbol of the sun. The symbols in the various religions are different, but they have the same meaning. For example, the legend of Hiram, the legend of Arthur, and the legend of Christ are the same."

WHENCE THE MASONRY OF OUR TIME.

WHENCE THE MASONRY OF OUR TIME. WHENCE THE MASONRY OF OUR TIME.

Here the Colonel threw in the parenthesis that probably there are not in the United States six Masons who are really educated in the history of their Order. Then he added: "The origin of modern Masonry can be attributed to Lord Bacon. In the new 'Atlantis' there is a description of Solomon and his house, and it is there said that the King set apart different days for prosecuting the aris and sciences. The new 'Atlantis' was excessively popular among the learned men of Bacon's day, and they tried to establish a society, taking Solomon as an exponent of wisdom. It was encouraged by the court of James I, and his successor, Charles I, until the Revolution broke out. Then the Royalists, after the death of Charles I., reorganized alists, after the death of Charles I., reorganized their society for religious and political motives— the religion for the re-establishment of the Church, the politics for the restoration of the monarchy. Next they invented what is called monarchy. Next they invented what is called the legend of the third degree. Hiram Abift was the murdered monarch. Hiram the King of Tyre was the King of France. Solomon was the Church. Hiram's three assassins were the three Kingdoms, Eugland, Scotland and Ireland. The Masons of that day, who were the conspirthree Kingdoms, Eugland, Scotland and Ireland. The Masons of that day, who were the couspirators—the Jacobites—were necessarily a secret society. They called themselves, as the Masons of the Entopean Continent do to the present day, the Sons of the Widow, inasmuch as the King had been beheaded, and his son had not been recognized. After the Restoration, the leading men of the movement formed the Royal Society, which exists to the present day, and they openly continued the work of the house of Solomou. The Jacobites in France continued their benevolent organization. In England, immediately after the Restoration, a number of those who had been previously affiliated, conjoined with a guild of so-called operative Masons, a body of freedmen of London, meeting in Mason's Laue. They then became Free and Accepted Masons. In 1717 there appeared to be four Lodges in London. They met in the Appletree Tavern, placed the oldest Mason in the Chair, and proceeded to organize a Grand Lodge, electing Sir Christopher Wren Grand Master. From that body originate all the Masonic Lodges in this country.

THE FIRST SPLIT. "These Masons quarreled among themselves after a time, and one part of them became known as Ancient York Masons, and pretended to trace their origin back to some Grand Lodge of architects and others that was held in the City of York, and was said to have had King Edward for its presiding officer. This, as is the story of Hiram, is another respectable legend. The other body of Masons repudiate that story, and continue to be known to the present day as moderns.

inderns.
"After the Revolution of 1688, the friends of

"After the Revolution of 1688, the friends of the Pretender reauscitated their Masonry in the Chateau of St. Germain en Laye, under the direct patronage of James II. The Castle of St. Germain en Laye is in their language called Herodim. They originated Masonry in France, and, as a majority of the Jacobltes were Scotchmen, it became known as the Scottish Rite, which has no connection whatever with the existing Scottish Rite of Edinburg, known as Kilwinning or Royal Arch Masonry.

"The last legitimate Grand Master of the pure Scotch Masons, was the Earl of Derwentwater, beheaded in England for participation in the rebellion, and trying to place the young Pretender on the throne.

"To strengthen the religious feeling in favor of the Roman Church, the French-Scotch Masons invented an addition to the ritual, and this is called the Rose-Croix. The first chapter of this degree was held in Claremont, in France, Immediately before the French Revolution, a German, Weischupt by name, organized another body of Masons, with strongly revolutionary ideas, which became known as the Illiminati, and was introduced in France, and Cazotte, D'Alembert, La Harpe, and others of the encyclopedists became leading members.

"The Scottish Rite as it exists in this country, known as the Ancient and Accepted Rite, based its creation upon a charter that was given

"The Scottish Rite as it exists in this country, known as the Ancient and Accepted Rite, based its creation upon a charter that was given to Stephen Morin, whose mission it was to found in the French colonies of America what they call the Rite of Perfection. The name signed on that charter as that of the Grand Master was that of La Corne, a dancing mas-

WHAT THE COLONEL STULES FRAUD.

Col. Picton paused and smiled, and then said that the dancing master La Corne was expelled from the fraternity for his subservieucy to the Regent d'Orleaus, and that in a spirit of revenge, La Corne trumped up a new Masonic eystem of his own, which contained eighteen degrees, the highest of which was the Degree of the Emperor of the East and the West. "Aucient and Accepted Masonry—the Scottish Rite," the Colonel continued, "made its first appearance in America in Charleston, and there it suddenly expanded to thirty-three degrees, sanctioned by a pretended charter from Frederick the Great, who never was more than a third degree Mason, and the charter, which was written in Latin, a language that Frederick did not understand, purports to have been signed while he lay on his death-hed. All other signa-

tures to the charter are of persons utterly un-known to the historic chroniclers of the time. This fraud is about equaled by the claims of the German Mason-so an origin from a charter of Cologue, manufactured less than sixty years

"Swedenborg tried to establish a very latel-iectual system of Masonry on the basis of a Swedish Mason, which, like all other Masonic systems, had some fabrilous story about a very, remote congregation of architects and priests in Uosnia.

Upsnia.

"To, Cagliostro is to be attributed the first idea of tracing Masonry back to Egypt. He founded Coptic Masonry, and his wife was the real originator of Masonry for women, now known as the Adoptive Rite.

"When alchemy was a prevalent passion, a new order entered the field as the Hermetic Philosophers, and a system of Masonry was in-vented by the Abbe Parnetty, who likewise traced the origin of Masonry to astro theology in Egypt

raced by the Mose Paraetty, who has weeke traced the origin of Masonry to astro theology in Egypt.

"Of late years, on the Continent of Earope, and in France particularly, earnest endeavors have been made to divest Masonry of all its fabulous legends and historical errors.

"Among the existing rites of Masonry are the Strict Observances, compiled by the Baron Hund; the French philosophical degrees of the Grand Orient of France, and an extensive philosophical rite throughout Germany. None of these rites can be introduced into this State in consequence of the despotic absolutism of the Grand Lodge, who find it to their advantage financially to concentrate all knowledge and power in themselves, the more ignorant the Mason being at the present day the more profitable the individual. Consequently their animosity to the Grand Lodge of Hamburg, and to other Masonic bodies.

THE ORDER OF MEMPHIS

Masonic bodies.

THE ORDER OF MEMPHIS.

"There are in existence no less than seventy-one recognized Masonic rites, and some years back two gentlemen in Milan tried to combine all these rites into one, which they called the Rite of Mizraim—meaning the children of Egypt. The propagation of this rite was suppressed by the Grand Orient of France. The idea was subsequently taken up by a learned Masonic writer of Paris—M. Marconis de Negre—who founded the Masonic order of Memphis. Being poor, he invented two orders of Masonic Knighthood, the Cross of the Alidde and the Grand Star of Sirius, decorations which he peddled until they were suppressed. De Negre introduced this rite in person in New York City, and it has been recognized by the Grand Orient and is now known as Ancient and Primitive Masonry according to the rite of Memphis. It originally consisted of ninety-six degrees, but in conformity to the requirements of the Grand Orient of France at the time when the Memphis Masons were received into that body, the ritual has been condensed to thirty-three degrees, its final degree being regarded as equivalent to that of Supreme Inspector General of the thir ty-third degree of the Scottish Rite. This ritual embraces an epitoms of all the more conspicuous Masonic rites that are in existence."

In conclusion, Col. Picton said that the square and compass were rejected by all intelligent Masons long ago, the All Seeing Eye within the triangle being the recognized emblem, and that, whatever the symbols may prove to be that are on the stones that upheld the obelisk in Alexandria, they will not prove that Masonry as we know it existed among the ancient Egyptians.—

N. Y. Herald.

#### -N. Y. Herald. CONSTELLATIONS IN PERRUARY.

The moon is now in its last quarter, and its absence from the sky presents a favorable op-portunity for surveying the heavens and study-ing the constellations. The planets, Jupiter, Saturn, and Mars, are still in the firmament, Saturn, and Mars, are still in the firmament, though showing a dimmed brightness on account of their greater distance from the earth. The ruddy Mars is exhibiting signs of coquetcy with the Pleiades, having approached to a distance of only about five degrees from that beautiful group, whose white lustre pales before his firry glow. Orion is in a better position for observation than he was in January. He is on the meridian between 8 and 9 o'clock, and if one would take in his incomparable grandeur and beauty, he must study him at that hour. The great square of Pegasus may be easily detected, at 7 o'clock, in the west, about half-way between the zenith and the horizon, and mid way oatween the pale planet, Saturn, and the Milky Way. It is composed of four stars about fifteen degrees the zenith and the horizon, and mid way not ween the pale planet, Saturn, and the Milky Way. It is composed of four stars about fifteen degrees apart, arranged in the form of a square, with the corners up and down, and north and south. Between Pegasus and the Milky Way is Andro meda, supposed to represent a female chained to a rock; but this arrangement is very fanciful, and difficult to make out. Lying right in the Milky Way, close by, is the most beautiful and easibly traceable chair of Cassiopeia. It marks the boundary of the circumpolar coastellat ns, which revolve around the pole star in a circle of perpetual apparition. These never rise nor set, and in their movements beautifully illustrate the motion of the Arctic sun in summer. Cassiopeia, in addition to its intrinsic beauty, is interestating as the secue of a mast remarkable and inexplicable phanomenoa. On the 1st of November, 1572, a new and strangostar male its appearance close beside the one on the upper front of the chair. It seems to have burst suddenly into view, for Tycho Braha, the astronmer, who has left on record a minute description of it, tells us that he first saw it that night, while returning from his study to his dwelling, and that it was not there an hour before. It waxed in apparent size and splendor for three weeks, until it outshone all the stars in the sky, and all the planets, too, with the exception of Vanta. Indeed, it was so large and brilliant as to be visible in the daytime. It excited universal interest and some apprehension, and the com mon people sought the astronomers, for an explanation of the apparition. It was discovered that a similar star had appeared in the same quirtier of the sky about the year 1201, also about the year 945, and it was, therefore, inferred that its appearance in 1572 was in accordance with the law of periodical return which had governed it in the past. Prof. Proctor takes this view, gives the star an approximate period of 313 years, and intimates that its reappearance may be looked for about the y

intimates that its reappearance may be looked for about the year 1935.

Near to Cassiopeia, and between it and the zenith, is Perseus, remarkable for its nebula, which can be dimly distinguished with the naked eye; near by, just south of the Milky Way, is Algol, the "demon star," so called on account of its inexplicable habit of waxing and waning in bright ness in a period of about three days. The change is from a star of the second to a star of the fourth magnitude, and back again to the second.

In looking at Algol, the eye will be drawn to a beautiful white star of the first magnitude near by, and almost directly overhead at 80 clock. This is Capella, claimed by some to be the brightest tar in the northern hemisphere, though others give the honor to Vega, and others, again, to Arcturns. The latter is not now visible at night, but a good eye may pick up Vega scintilating ou the north-west horizon, immediately after dark. In the same quarter, fifteen degrees down the horrizon, may be seen four bright stars, of the second and third magnitude, arranged in the form of a triangle, the brightest upermost. These are what Proctor calls the "hobie cross in Cyuus," a swan. The two faint stars forming the lower part of cross are below the horizon.

Tarning the cyes now to the north east quar-

stars forming the lower part of cross are below the horizon.

Tarning the eyes now to the north east quarter of the heavens, they will easily be arrested by the long group of bright stars of the second magnitude, forming the Dipper, or the Bear, or Charles' Wain, as it is variously called, which is now mounting upward, the bowl of the figure curving uppermost. The two stars in the end of the bowl are the Polaris, or the North Star. The middle star in the haudle of the Dipper is Mizar, and if an opera-glass be brought to bear upon it, a companion will be seen alongside. This is Little Alchor, or Jack by the Middle Horse, as it is sometimes called. It is about fifteen seconds distant from Mizar. It may assist observers in unaking celestial measurements, to know that the Pointers are about five degrees spart, and the three stars in Oriou's belt make a distance of three degrees. These can be taken as measuring rods, in computing distances in the aky.

THE 700th anniversary of the Bavarian dynasty is to be celebrated at Munich, Sept. 16, 1860.

### IN DREAMS.

There are meetings of happy lovers
All over the earth, to-night;
Red lips that are blistered with kiases.
Eyes dimmed in tears of delight.
But where are the lips, warm and tender,
That my lips are yearning to kias?
And where the dear eyes, whose glances
Would thrill me with trembling of bliss?

Alsa, my beloved! why is it Fate crosses and bothers us thu So kind and so gentle with others So harsh and so cruel to us! Why is it that we, of all lovers.

Are the angels afraid that our loving
Will bring down their Heaven to our feet.
That they cross their white pinions between us.
Forbidding us ever to meet!
Tonight, while we dress, (are you dreaming!)
Oh, come to me, dearest, and see
How in sleep we will cheat and she
Who are keeping you parted from me!

Come close, and kneel down where I slumber—
In dreams none can wrest us apart;
Let the fire and dew of your kisses
Melt down from my lips to my heart,
Till I swoon with the joy of your presence,
Dumb rapture my soul overpowers,
And the curious angels discover
How tame is their Heaves beside ours;

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

# His Venerable Teacher Still Living in Bal-timore - Interesting Reminiscences of the

Oue of The Bulletin's staff, a day or two ago, One of The Bulletin's staff, a day or two ago, had the good fortune to have an interview with the venerable Joseph H. Clarke, now 89 years old, who was the preceptor of the poet, Edgar Alian Poe. In Eagene L. Didier's memoirs of Edgar Alian Poe, the following occurs: "Oa Mr. and Mrs. Alian's return from their two years' visit to England, Mr. Alian placed Poe in the academy of Prof. Joseph H. Clarke, of Trinity College, Dublin, who kept an English classical school at Richmoud, from 1816 to 1825."

He greeted The Bulletis representative cordially, but it was plain to see that the aged man, although physically as many a man of thirry years his junior, had grown mentally feeble under the weight of many years. When the old gentleman was scated, the reporter explained that he wanted any reminiscences of Poe that be could give.

gentleman was seated, the reporter explained that he could give.

"Edgar, Edgar," said the old man, rising, with a far-away look, as memories of old times flitted through his mind. "Why, he was a born poet. One day Mr. Allan came to me and said: 'Mr. Clarke, I have heard much about your school, and as Edgar shows a decided aptness for classics, I have decided to place him under your care.' This was about 1820 or '21, and Edgar entered my school. He became one of my most distinguished scholars. He and Nat. Howard were in the same class. Nat. was as good, if not better, than Edgar in the classics, but Nat. couldn't write poetry like Edgar could. Edgar was a poet in every sense of the word. One summer, at the end. of the session, Nat. and Edgar both wrote me a complimencary letter. Nat's was was written in Latin, after Horace, but Edgar's was written in poetry. I came to Baltimore that summer, and I showed those letters to Rev. Mr. Damphoux, of St. Mary's College, and what do you think he said? 'Mr. Clarke, those 'compositions would do honor and credit to the best ednested professor in my college.' Oh, yes, Edgar

tions would do honor and credit to the best ed neuted professor in my college.' Oh, yes, Edgar was a poet, and he wasn't over twelve or four-teen when he wrote that letter to me."

"Did you keep it f have you it now f" the reporter asked, eagerly.

"No, no," the old gentleman answered sadly; "I returned it to Edgar. One day, after I had come to Baltimore from Richmond, Edgar came to visit me. I told him about the letters, and Edgar rose and said, with such a strange, yearning look in his eyes: 'You couldn't do Nat. Howard and me a greater favor than to return us those letters. I think Nat. would like to have his, and I am sure I would give worlds to have mine.' I gave them to him."

"Then you have no memento of Poe!"

The old man sadly answered, "No, sir; that's one thing I always regretted, not having kept some of Edgar's notes or poems. But then, you know, I couldn't tell at that time that Edgar

editor of Graham's Magazine, he sent it to me regularly, gratis."

"Was he affectionate to you, Professor!"

"Yes, indeed: I think the boy and man loved me dearly, and I am sure I loved him."

"When was the last time you saw him!"

"When he was laid away to rest, in 1849. I went to his funeral. A large number of persons were present, and, I remmember, the minister who officiated dwelt long on the great man's virtues. Yes," he concluded, "Edgar, as a boy, was a dear, open hearted, cheerful, and good boy, and as a man, he was a loving and affectionate friend to me."—Baltimore Bulletia.

# What They Thenk of Grant.

What They Themk of Grant.

At the recent Alpha Delta Phi dinner here, there was another speech beside Chamberlain's which had its political side—Edward Everett Hale's. He probably stands where most men like him stand on the broader political questions of the day, but a recent trip has led him to place high the strength of the recent Grant movement, and largely as a matter of experiment he set out to sound the temper of the eighty men before him. He did it in a clever way, by suggesting that as the students of Glasgow do, the undergraduates of the fraternity should elect the man they delighted to honor. "Would it be," Hale queried, this man or that, and he named one and another. Hayes' name drew a little burst of applanse as Hale referred to him, "of whom the worst thing which is said any other statesman would be glad to accept as his prend est epitaph—"That having administered the Government on constitutional principles, he let the mochine alone." Then Hale dexterously culogized Grant, and this little gathering, which had been crackling into applanse as a brushwood fire crackles in the breeze, sat rigidly silent. For the first time in a long and varied experience of public meetings, I sat and heard a fire minute culogy of Grant, and not a lisp of applanse, and I said the shadow of a third term has already clouded a great name in the minds of thinking men.—Boston Cor. Springfield Republican.

News comes of the death of a celebrated chef,

News comes of the death of a celebrated chef, M. Cazanenve, who has just died in Paris at the remarkable age of ninety-six. As far back as 1815, he was chef de crisine to Gen. Blucher, to whom he was recommended by the then Duke d'Angouleme, afterward Charles X. After the treaty of peace, Cazenenve followed his master to Berlin, whence he returned to France in 1825, on the occasion of the fing's coronation. He entered the service of M. de Talleyrand, and soon reached the acme of his ambition in being attached to the Royal kitchens of the Tuilleries. After the death of Charles X., Cazenenve cerved his successor with equal zeal, and retired at the Revolution of 1848.

### RLIZABETH'S OLD CHURCH.

Barned by the British a Mundred Years Age

-The First Prenching in English in New
Jersey-Washington Watching the BlazeThe Beath of Fighting Paster Caldwell.

The First Frenching in English in New Jersey. Weshington Whiching the Blaze-The Beach of Fighting Paster Caldwell.

The hundredth anniversary of the burning of the historic First Presbyterian Church in Elizabeth, N. J., by the British and Tories, was celebrated yeaterday. The old church was a "frame shingle building," and was among the first buildings erected in the town. The original congregation of the church was the first that worshipped in the English language in New Jersey. The year of its organization is not known, but it is believed that it could not have been much earlier than the year 1667, as in 1664 Elizabethtown, as Elizabeth was then called, consisted of only four log huts.

On the night of January 25, 1780, the old church was destroyed by fire. The night was very dark and cold, and the inhabitants and the soldiers in the barracks went to sleep early. In the course of the night the British, who has suffered much from raiding Patriots, crossed on the ice from Staten Island to retaliste. They landed at Trembly's Point, about three miles south of what is known as Elizabethport. Lieutenant-Col. Abraham Buskirk, a renegale from New Jersey, was in command of the troops, which consisted of about 300 infantry and sixty dragoons. The dragoons were piloted by Cornelius Hatfield, Jr., a former resident of Elizabethtown, and Smith and Job Hatfield were they captured several Continental officers, who were in town on leave of absence. The houses of wealthy residents were ransacked, and the soldiers insulted women and children. A few of the Continental soldiers escaped from the barracks. On the green in front of the court house and the old church the dragoons and infantry united. They were about starting back to Staten Island, when flame and smoke burst from the old church, the court house, and the academy, which stood on the site now occupied by the lecture room of the present church building. In a few minutes these buildings were in ruins. Washington and his army, who were encamped in the mountains west of Spri

in the Continental army shot the Rev. Mr. Caldwell dead at "the Point," or what is now called Elizabethport.

The present church building, which is on the site of the old church, was begun in July, 1784, and was finished in 1786. It is built of brick. The tall steeple of wood, painted white, contains a town clock, and a beil that has often aunounced the tidings of victory and sounded the alarm when danger was near. Embedded in the walls of the church are quaint tombstones, some of which are over 200 years old. In the graveyard, which originally comprised eight acres, are many tombstones over a century old; and the visitors may see the graves of Tories in close proximity to the monuments and slabs inscribed with the names of the Rev. Jonathan Dickenson, the first pastor of the First Presbyterian Church; the heroic Caldwell, who was pastor during the Revolution; and the pious Murray. In the north-east end of the burying ground, fronting on Broad Street, is the lecture room of the church. It stands on the spot once occupied by the College of New Jersey, now known as Princeton College, which was founded in Elizabethtown by the Rev. Jonathan Dickenson.

The celebration of the contennial of the burning of the old church was begun at 104 o'clock

cone thing I always regretted, not having kept some of Edgar's notes or poemes. But then, you know, I couldn't tell at that time that Edgar would ever be a great man."

"Wasn't Poe a very handsome boy, Professor!"

"Well, he bad very pretty eyes and hair, and rather an effeminisate face, but I don't think he was a beantiful boy. He had a very sweet disposition. He was always cheerful, brinder of mirth, and a very great favorite with hissohood mates. I nover had occasion to say a harsh word to him while he was in my school, much less to make him de penance."

"Did he study very hard!"

"No; he was not remarkable for his application. He was naturally very smart, and he always knew his lessons. He had a great deal of pride."

"Did you ever see Mary Poe, Edgar's litt's sister!"

"Yes; she was adopted by Mr. McKenzie when Mr. Allan took Edgar."

"Was she pretty!"

"Well, really, I can't remember very well, but I think she was a very sweet and interesting child."

"Yon saw Poe, after you left Richmond, of conres!"

"Op you believe that your pupil was an habitual drankard!"

"That I can't tell. I think he was fond of wine, and I know tha! I always opened a bottle for him when he came to see me; but then, it was the custom of the age, you know, to drink wine at that time. Then, when Edgar became editor of Graham's Magazine, he seut it to me regularly, gratis."

"Was he affectionate to you, Professor!"

"Yes, indeed: I think the boy and man loved me dearly, and I am sure I loved him."

What an Odd February this is to Be.

What an Odd February this is to Be.

The coming February will be an odd month in several respects. It will have in the first place an odd number of days, owing to its leap year distinction. It will have an odd number of Sundays—five—which is very odd for the shortest month of the year—and one of the Sundays will be Washington's birthday. It will begin on Sunday and end on Sunday, which is also odd. The five Sundays correspond in date with the five Sundays in the following August, which is odd again. It is said that no one now living will ever see arother February so odd; nor will their children, nor their children's children—sufficient in itself to make the month interesting. Many old superstitions are associated with the month, which originally had twen ty nine days among the Romans in an ordinary year. When the Roman Senate, however, decreed that the eighth month should be named after the Emperor Augustus, one day was taken from February and bestowed on August, giving it thirty-one days, in order that it might not be inferior to July, called after Julius Cæsar. February was then the month of purification, from februum, during which the Lupercalia, or Februaris, were celebrated, the festival beginning the 15th and celebrated annually. Luperculuss, or Februus, was the god of fertility, whose appropriate sacrifices were dogs and goats. After the offering, two youths, patricians, were conducted to the altar, when one of the priests touched their forcheads with a sword dipped in the blood of the victims, and another priest washed off the stam with wool soaked in milk. Then the priests sat down to a feast, at which wine was bountifully furnished. After rising from the board, they cut the skins of the sacrificed goats in pieces, and covered, with some of these, parts of their bodies, in imitation of the deity, represented as half clad in goat skins. With the other pieces converted into thongs, they ran through the streets, striking everybody they met, particularly women, who courted the blow, from the belief that it blow, from the belief that it averted sterility and the pains of travail. The ceremonies of the festival were supposed to symbolize the purification of the people. If it had any such power, the revival of the Lupercalia would be advisable here, where political sins are grievous and innumerable. To purify New York materially and morally, the Lupercalia would need to be extended throughout the year.

## THE GREAT THIRD-TERMER.

We used to boast of Washington,
Of Jefferson, and other such—
Of Jackson, then, and Lincoln, too;
Rot now they den't amount to much.
What do we care, these latter days,
For any satiguated blokes!
And how can they compare with Grant,
The silent man who drinks and smokes!

They all were slow, behind the times, Quite too fastidious in their ways, And what they called their principles, Would never suit our rapid days. The sid traditions some revere. To us are but the lamest jokes. Which we will brush aside for Grant,

Those men believed in vested rights,
And said the people's will was law;
But we, whose eyes are opened, see
No wisdom in an ancient saw.
O'er the Republic's battlements
Now the imperial raven croaks,
To heraid the approach of Grant,
The silent man who drinks and smokes

Again the Man op Horseback comes, To serve an oligarchy's ends; To rule by force, and scatter cash Among his crosies and his friends. Then will the nation how bemeath Babcock's and Belknap's pleasant yokes, Submitting to the rule of Grant, The silent man who drinks and smokes.

#### OUR EARLY JEWS. Remarkable Discoveries Made in Ohio

The mound builders of the West have proved The mound builders of the West have proved a great disappointment to archaeologists. They built mounds of decided merit, but they did nothing else. They failed to leave an inscription, or a jackknife, or a toutbrush with a carved handle, or anything else, behind them. In consequence, no one has been able to form any theory of real interest as to their origin and nature. We simply know that they built mounds, and cared nothing for the archæ-slogical interests of posterity. This may have been thoughtlessness, and it may have been deliberate meanness. In either case, it was extremely

thoughtlessness, and it may have been deliberate meanness. In either case, it was extremely discreditable.

Two discoveries have recently been made, in Missouri and Oaio, which not only fully compensate for the misconduct of the mound builders, but which will afford material for innumerable theories and endless speculation. In Monroe County, Mo., a rock temple of unsurpassed interest has just been brought to light. It is hewn in the solid rock, and is entered under an elliptical arch formed of voussoirs of polished granute. The temple commists of two rooms. One is enormously large, and has a vanited roof supported upon slender columns of Egyptian grantic, with carved bases ornamented with leaves. The walls are covered with slabs of

supported upon slender columns of Egyptian gianite, with carved bases ornamented with leaves. The walls are covered with slabs of black and gray granite, and at the end of the room is a magnificent altar, en which is a heap of ashes. A smaller room, designed as a sacristy, where the priest could take off his ulster, is entered by a door near the altar, and a number of bronze hatchets, hammers, monkey wrenches, and stove lid lifters, together with a bronze plate with Hebrew inscriptions, have been found scattered about the temple.

In Adams County, O., a still more remarkable discovery has been made. A cave has been explored, and in its depths have been found a series of magnificent tombs, built of Egyptian granite. On one of these tombs is a figure of a man with a Hebrew nose and a copper helmet surmounted with wings; and the side of the tomb are covered with a series of bas reliefs representing childhood, youth, manhood, and old age, which bear a close resemblance to the late Mr. Cole's surprising pictures of the "Voyage of Life." A copper lamp, a number of copper wcapous, a collection of vases, and an immense quantity of memorial tablets covered with Hebrew characters, are among the attractions of the place, while the walls are ornamented with brilliant paintings, and the tombs srestocked with mummies, nine feet long, and mostly wrapped in varnished cloth. Stalactites and stalagunies have formed in different parts of the cave, and are, of course, of later date than the tombs. The age of one of those stalactites has been decided by an Ohio scientific person to be precisely 3,225 years, though possibly it may be a few days older.

cave, and are, of course, of taker date than the tombs. The age of one of those stalactites has been decided by an Ohio scientific person to be precisely 3,225 years, though possibly it may be a few days older.

These discoveries open a field for speculation which is all that the heart of the most enthusiastic archeologist could desire. The finding of Hebrew inscriptions and of mummies with Hebrew inscriptions and of mummies with Hebrew inscriptions and of mummies with Hebrew descriptions and the tombs were the work of early Jews. But why did these extraordinary Jews build Egyptian rock temples and convert themselves into Egyptian mummies? If there was anything which an ancient Jew particularly detested it was the manners and customes of Egypt, and it is certainly curious that the early Jewish immigrants to this country should have worshiped in Egyptian temples and had themselves buried in the best style practiced by the Egyptian undertakers. It is still more curious that they should have totally abandoned the retail clothing husiness, for that they did so is shown by the fact that not the alightest remnant of a coat or a pair of trouvers has been found either in the Missouri temple or the Ohio tomb. And why did they violate what they believed to be one of the laws of the Ohio mansoleum with illuminated circus posters?

It may be objected that there is no sufficient evidence that the builders of the newly discovered structures were Jews. Hebrew, as written by the Jews, was certainly for the most part a rectangular languages, though some of the characters had a close affinity to the corkserew. May there not, however, have been other ancient rectangular languages, and may not the inscriptions found in Missouri and Ohio prove to be Gentile inscriptions? There is a certain planting away. Unless the occupants of the Ohio minmies can not thus be explained away. Unless the occupants of the surface of the meaning and the Mississippi River, they stopped long enough to make the slaves construct a rock temple and ornament

of their masters, and buried themselves in the black granite tomb.

The other theory is that the Western newspapers, in which the reports of these discoveries are printed, take their code of morals from the Rev. Dr. Talmage.—New York Times.

---The celebrated pigeon roost in Scott County, Ind., is now, as it has been for sevency-five years, the roost of millions of pigeons. They fly away in the morning to their feeding grounds, many of them going to such a distance that they do not return until midnight. The timber on thousands of acres covered by this roost is broken down badly, large limbs being snapped off like reeds by the accumulated weight of the birds. Thousands are killed nightly, but the slaughter seems to make no diminution in the vast flocks

seems to make no diminution in the vast that congregate there. SOLON CHASE'S PARABLE.—When I have been SOLON CHANE'S PARBEL.—When I have been in the swamp I have brought up against a stump before I knew the stump was there, and no chance to cut the stump, and the team stuck. The only way out was to hitch to the hind end of the sled and haul the load back. The Supreme Court is the stump. The nose of the off runner is bang up against the Court. The way out is to hitch "them steers" to the hind bar, pull the load back and then move on.

Ax ludian maiden has been driven out by her tribe, in Oregon, because she married a Chinaman. A San Francisco Chinaman has lost the respect of his countrymen by marrying a negro woman. A Virginia mob whipped a he-gro, for marrying a white woman.